POOR ROBINS DREAM,

OR THE

VISIONS

OF

HELL:

WITH A

DIALOGUE

Between the Two

GHOSTS

OF

Dr. T. and Capt. B.

LONDON:

Printed by *M. S.* MDCLXXXI.

8 821 P.19

POOR ROBINS DREAM,

OR THE

Viſions of Hell.

WHen th' charming News had paſſed *Charing-Croſs*,
And they depos'd, that would diſmount that Horſe.
The Senators their hated patience forc't,
As *Thames* once for *Sempronia* ſtopt her courſe.
Like Boys that were juſt from a Vineyard skar'd,
All ſtood amaz'd, but never a word was heard.
But when they found they were purſu'd by none,
But th' Maſter ſtood only to keep his own.
They then unto their wonted paſſion flew,
And ſwore they'd prove thoſe Grapes to be their due,
Next time they came they'd have the Maſter too
I'th City. All their ſteady-Heads they toſt,
Like Wives at *Billingsgate*, when a good Bargain's loſt.
Ballads of grief about the Town they ſent,
As if they loſt a Loyal Parliament.
Such clam'rous Conſternations, with falſe Cryes,
Enough to tear great *Jove* down from the Skies.
None daring to confront thoſe Factious Atheiſts,
Dreading that ſcand'lous Name they call, *Church-Papiſt*.
Then I e'ne laid me down upon my Bed,
Where ſundry Contemplations ſeiz'd my troubled Head.
In a trembling Trance I on a ſudden fell,
Wherein I ſaw that damned Den call'd *Hell*.
Where ten thouſand Scenes, with Legions of black Fiends,
Of burning Rebels, there they made their Skreens.
Old *Noll* and *Bradſhaw*, *Ireton* and *Pride*,
Burning like Beacons; on the other ſide
Then perjur'd Rogues, drawn up in arched Rings,
Their Tongues like Serpents, ſhew'd their flaming Stings,
Thought I, Is this the fruit of killing Kings?
When that Scene chang'd, methought I clearly ſaw,
A ſolemn Conventicle groan out yells of woe.
Their Hats pinn'd to their heads with fiery Nails,
Their Ears drawn out as large as *Spaniſh* Frails.
Their Eyes like oval Lanthorns; glowing Rouls,
Or flaming Flambois, from their treach'rous Souls.
Their Mouths unto their ugly Ears were drawn,
Spirits froth'd out, like poyſon'd, foul Frog-ſpawn.

Upon their Backs was writ in bloud, I ſee,
Damn'd for Rebellion and Hypocriſie.
'Mongſt this prodigious and confuſed throng,
The Holder forth was called Dr. *Tonge*;
Who ſo excell'd, *Hugh Peters* being there,
That he was forc'd to fall into the Rear.
Till interpoſed by a Champion ſtout,
With flaming Sword made way through th' helliſh Rout.

B.

And cry'd to *T.* thou damned Orator,
Thou art the cauſe of my Soul burning here.

T.

Why what waſt thou when firſt I did thee know?
But one condemn'd for Robbery by the Law.

B.

Why what waſt thou poor Fool in Forty one?
But a poor Weaver then leapt from thy Loom.
Then ſtept into a Tub to preach Sedition,
And took the Covenant for thy Commiſſion.
Which thou purſu'd till all the *Rump* was ruin'd,
And *Charles* return'd, and to his Right reſum'd.
And then thou made a Breech of thy own Mouth,
Swore back again, but never preached truth,
And in thy Age, more treach'rous, than in youth.

T.

That cannot be imputed perjury,
To ſwear for thoſe that rule by tyranny.
Or for any elſe, as Times may turn by fits,
That's but a knack of living by ones wits.
But I ne're rob'd upon the King's High-way,
Nor boaſted on't unto my Friends next day.
Nor I ne're feign'd my ſelf to be a Lord,
Nor pilfer'd Coyn without the help of Sword,
Nor ne're was proved perjur'd by Record.

B.

Thou damned Hell-hound, haſt thou now forgot,
Who was ſo active in the Popiſh Plot?
'Twas thou that patcht up *O*'s Depoſitions,
And then deliver'd them without Commiſſions.
Which thou taught him pretend he had diſperſt,
Then thou thy ſelf turn'd tails and was releaſt.
Yet ſtill thou didſt perſevere in thy ſin,
Taught *Tony* and the reſt to bring me in.
To meet you at Cabals, and *Foxes-hall*,
Where I receiv'd my Leſſons from you all.
You taught me what to ſpeak, who to impeach,
All Loyaliſts you brought within my reach.

Both Queen and Duke I to the Block muſt bring,
Nay—had I liv'd, I muſt have peacht the K——
Now who's the cauſe of my Soul's ſuffering?

T.

All this I own was truth, and ten times more,
But thy black Soul was damned long before.
Thou hadſt committed Murther, Theft and Rape,
So 'twas impoſſible thy Soul ſhou'd 'ſcape.
For hadſt thou liv'd till each true ſtring had twang'd,
Thou then hadſt ſurely been both damn'd and hang'd.

B.

Thou ſplay-mouth'd Fiend, I hold thy words in ſcorn,
Thou deſerv'dſt hanging long e're I was born.
Thou and thy Brother *Baxter*, Spawns of evil,
Who kept your correſpondence with the Devil.
And ſpew'd your poyſon over Three brave Nations,
And brought in *Oates* to all their deſolations.
The Devil taught you how to tutor *Cooper*,
And *Belzebub* himſelf his Over-looker.
One Paw upon the Tap holds in the Bong,
The other guides his tottering Head and Tongue.
And cryes, My *Tony* thou ſhalt live to ſee
Englands deſtruction, and its Monarchy,
And my chief Engine, *Tony*, thou ſhalt be.
And of all the Plots and Sham-plots thou art Father,
And all the Evidence thou'ſt patcht together;
For which Indulgence I'le inſpire thee ſtill,
And thus the Devil helps old *Machiavel*.

T.

Why? *Tony* was the cauſe of my Damnation,
It was his malice that enflam'd the Nation.
'Twas He, under pretence of doing good,
That ſqueez'd poor Innocents, and broacht their bloud.
'Twas He that made his *Grace* a ſtalking Horſe,
And hid himſelf behind his pocky Arſe.
'Twas he that taught Tub-Preachers to ſeduce
The People, to chooſe Members for their uſe.
Such as in the late Rebellion play'd their parts,
And now are downright *Rumpers* in their hearts.
To all the *Olivarians* that are living,
His damned Documents he's daily giving.
'Tis He that all the Rebels now controuls,
For fear they ſhould repent and ſave their ſouls.
Or rather that they may come boldly on,
By force of Arms to end what he begun.
Or elſe his Head muſt fly for what is paſt,
And's Tap muſt burſt, to ſhew his ſoul is curſt.

B.

For *Godfrey*'s death, 'twas thou perſwaded me
To come in guilty; that black Perjury
Doth gnaw my ſoul in theſe infernal flames,
That guiltleſs bloud cryes vengeance through my veins,
And ſhowrs upon me in perpetual ſtreams.
I ſwore that of that Murther I did know
A man, that in my life I never ſaw,
Yet three mens Lives I took by perjur'd Law.

T.

Tony and *Godfrey*'s Brother that contriv'd,
To make the forged Plot the more believ'd.
The truth of which they never yet would tell,
Neither *Oates*, nor us that's now in Hell.
If e're that ſtifled Murther be unvail'd,
Old *Tony*'s mouthing Gang will ſoon be quail'd.
And thoſe Cabals which daily now deviſe,
As th' old one dyes, to make new Plots to riſe.
They'l then diſperſe, leſt they all be trapann'd,
And their wiſe heads forſake their ſouls that's damn'd.

B.

Thou now ſpeak'ſt like a Subject when't's too late,
Or one that knew not what they would be at.
'Tis their ambition to be thrown in Gaols,
'Twould raiſe the Rout if *Habeas Corpus* fails.
Then *Tony*'l grin and prog about for Coin,
T'encourage his poſſeſſed herd of Swine.
Lurk in his hole to ſee 'em ſtave and tail,
But ne're come out, till he finds who'l prevail.

T.

When he was young, he never durſt to fight,
But in malicious miſchief took delight.
For when the Nation flow'd with bloud before,
Tony was always thirſting after more.
How many thouſand pound this Plot has coſt him,
To buy the blouds of thoſe that never croſt him?
When he has got poor Innocents condemn'd,
By his patcht Evidence, how eagerly he'l ſend
To thoſe that have moſt int'reſt in the Rout?
He'l hire them t'come to force the Priſoners out,
To ſee them ſacrifice before his Snout.
Which they'l ſoon do, or elſe break down their hold;
For why, they're *Tony*'s Cattle bought and ſold?
While they are butchering, old *Tony* ſlears,
For more ſuch Bargains, ſmells with both his ears.
Tony hir'd *Ar.* for to cut's own Throat,
Ar. was cunning, did but half the Joke.
Yet kept his money, and remain'd his debter,
And promis'd him the Lives of ſome was better.

Tho'

Tho' *Tony*'s ſides have ſeveral teer of holes,
He luſts after bodies, as the Devil after ſouls.
For if e're this trade of *Papiſt*-hanging's ended,
He'le bring in *Presbyter* and *Independent*.
Both *Care* and *Curtis*, *Smith* and pillor'd *Ben*,
After the beſt, he'le hang the worſt of men.
All that his Pate hath drawn in to ſupport him,
He'le hang them all, if Fate do ever thwart him.
Both Lords and Evidence that's now for him,
Nay perhaps his *Grace*, who now he's making K—
Or thoſe who all this proſecution commence,
He can hang them with the ſame Evidence.
Should we have liv'd till ſuch a Change broke forth,
To ſave himſelf he would have hang'd us both.
He's ſuch a Knave, and they ſuch ſilly Elves,
When he has a mind, he'le make 'um hang themſelves.

B.

Heart, Bloud and Wounds, wou'd he have hang'd up *Bedlow* ?
Oh—that my Lady Mother did but know—
That curſed Cannibal ? had I liv'd two years longer,
I'de have hang'd him, that rotten damn'd Whoremonger.
Let's out of Hell, the Porter we can bribe,
We'le bring him *Tony*'s ſoul, or ſome of that damn'd Tribe.
We'le tell the K——that *Tony* is the cauſe
Of all this plotting, and ſubverting Laws.
That *Tony* is ſo treacherous and ſo apiſh,
That he's the head of all the plotting *Papiſts*.
For 'twas his Plot, and none but he contriv'd it,
And he's the Rogue that ever ſince reviv'd it.
Each Priſon round the Town he ſearches duly
For Evidence, to recommend to *Rowly*.
But takes ſuch pains to teach each Tool its Chapter,
As a man to make a Spaniel Dog a Setter.
Which muſt impeach Biſhop and Judges too,
And all that for the K———withſtand his Crew.
The Courtiers he corrupts till they're diſcarded,
Then by his Tribe for him they muſt be guarded.
While he ſits at the helm to guide Sedition,
All legal Laws he counts meer Superſtition.
He ſits environ'd round with Brother-Vipers,
Who imitates his Nods like *Scotch* Bag-pipers.
Pendent and *Bitter*, and Mare-frigging *Quaker*,
Keep time, *Tony*, that brave Law Bear-baiter.
For he united them to ſtand together,
'Gainſt all that's Lawful, Loyal, or whatever
That's direct oppoſition to the Crown,
To pull the Biſhop and Monarchy down.
But he illuſtrates his grave Diſpute,
By quaint Objections, coyn'd againſt the *D*——
'Gainſt him his Briſtles hath long time ſtood ſnarling,
Yet cannot ſpit his poyſon beyond *Sterling*.

Could

Could He wrench out that Pillar of the State,
He thinks the reſt would fall in's hands by fate,
What a graceful *Noll* old *Tony* then would make?
Juſt like a Monkey he'd become the Throne,
His Court Buffoons, and Pugs of the ſame Spawn.
Then *Tony* would be ſure that all's his own.
Could he perſwade the K——— to ſell his Brother,
He'd never break his brains to find another.
To keep Sedition, and ſupport the State,
Tony himſelf would be legitimate.
Let's give the K——— this Caution, for 'tis true,
That he in time may know what's beſt to do.
With that a thundring noiſe their Contract broke,
The Den was darkned with infernal ſmoak.
Horror of yells and groans the Spirits ſtrains,
Till on a ſudden all flaſht out in flames.
In which the Conventiclers ſprawling cry'd,
For all Eternity muſt this abide?
With that a ſhower of Bloud fell down upon 'um,
In which they ſpew'd and ſtunk like Rebels, dam 'um.
For 'twas the bloud of Innocents they'd drawn,
When they liv'd here, to make the King their own.
Some of the Heads were hang'd up by the Tongues,
The reſt the Devils pitch about with Prongues.
To make way for approaching great Proceſſion,
Which howl'd and roar'd without an intermiſſion.
Their Tongues hung out with Froth like lathering Soap,
Theſe were the Rabble burning of the *Pope*.
'Mongſt whom were *Curtis*, *Harris*, *Smith* and *Care*,
The Scene was juſt like that at *Temple-bar*.
Both *Pope* and Pageants, *Jeffreys* and the Friers,
But every ſtep knee-deep in Bloud and Fires.
Of thoſe that did ſupport 'um and the Rout,
But there they roar'd, and here they us'd to ſhout.
Both Squibs and Crackers from their mouths did fly,
'Gainſt Church and State they belcht out Blaſphemy.
Their Skins were vail'd with *City-Mercuries*,
Seditious Libels and their forged Lyes.
Which taking fire at once made ſuch a ſmother,
Down fell the Pageants, Rout, and all together
Did ſprawl and howl in that infernal Flame,
Then I awakt, and all was but a Dream.

FINIS.